

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

TIMES BEDTIME STORY



THE TABBIES HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

ALL of the Tabby children but Tessie went to have their pictures taken. Mrs. Tabby wanted to have all of the children in the picture, but at the very last minute Tessie had a terrible accident, and had to stay at home.

The Tabbyland photographer was a rather small dog gentleman, with long, silky ears and a very kindly expression. He wore glasses, which sat on the end of his nose and were coming off all of the time. The Tabby children were very fond of him, especially Tessie.

He made Binkie Tabby sit at one end and Tom Tabby at the other, and put Tessie in the middle—then he asked where Tessie was, and Mrs. Tabby had to tell him.

The night before they had gone to bed early, even Tom was as good as gold. "I want to look my best in this picture," he said, "and I am not going to take any chances." "That is a good idea," added Binkie, "we might get in trouble if we stay up. Mother says that we are good when we are asleep, so let's go to bed."

Tessie did not say a word. She wouldn't have missed having her picture taken for anything in the world, and she knew that she would be good.

Oh, I'm always all right," laughed Tessie. "I am not terribly bad, and I am not too good. In fact, I'm just right. I—" "You had better go to bed like the others," warned her mother, "or you will get in trouble without knowing it." Tessie just laughed and said that she knew how to take care of herself. Tom and Binkie and Tessie hurried upstairs and went to bed, but Tessie was left sitting out on the front step looking at the moon.

She heard her mother moving in the house but did not go in to see what she was about. She heard her walking back and forth, and standing still and hitting something with her hands, and making such mysterious noises that finally she said to herself: "Now, mother is making something good. I'll be surprised if she does not try to hide it from me." She tiptoed softly into the house, and just as she did so, Mrs. Tabby threw a clean tea towel over something in the largest pan. Tessie stopped short. Mrs. Tabby did not seem to hear her, for she went out of the room carrying the pan with her. Tessie followed, not making a sound. Mrs. Tabby took the strange looking pan and its cloth cover and walked to the cupboard in her room. Then she opened the door and put the pan on THE HIGHEST SHELF. Tessie drew a long breath, and hid behind the door as her mother passed. Mrs. Tabby really was her, but pretended that she didn't for

Advice To Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

DEAR "TINY TIM," If there is one thing I particularly hesitate to do it is to advise any girl to go against her mother's wishes. And yet, after you have formed so strong a friendship as yours for the young man you mention, it seems a shame to break it up except for a very good reason. Talk it all over frankly with your mother. Perhaps she has some reason that you do not know for disliking your friend, or, perhaps, if she knew how much it means to you she would withdraw her objections. As for visiting his family, there can be no possible objection on the score of propriety. The only rub is the fact that your family does not like them.

You will have to decide for yourself whether to go against the wishes of your people or not—but don't decide lightly. Think it over carefully, and whatever you decide to do, be frank about it. If the young man has told you in his letters that he cares for you, there is no reason why you should ignore it. If you want to discuss the subject and he is too shy to bring it up, bring it up yourself. But if you would rather wait, sooner or later he will voice his feelings if he really cares for you. Shyness, uncertainty, of a woman's answer, or lots of other things may be a man's tongue for a while, but in the end love, like murder, will out.

Dear "Lovelorn": You are a grown woman, and, in a matter so vital to your happiness, will have to make your own decision. It is putting too much responsibility on another person to even ask her to advise you—particularly a person who has no knowledge of the men involved. Just one thing I will say, and that is that it is a dangerous business to marry one man when you care—and admit you care—for another.

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Annie Laurie

Making the Porch a Living Room

By Mrs. Christine Frederick

CERTAINLY no one architecturally famous has received as much attention, and been so glorified these past few years, as the porch. A trip through any small village with old-time houses will show the old-fashioned, narrow "veranda" which could only accommodate a few chairs in a straight row, and which was chiefly utilized by father and his evening pipe.

But today our modern builders are starting with the porch, and attaching a house and inside rooms whenever seems necessary. This is all in line with the increased interest in outdoors, and a desire to have as much fresh air as possible. And so has resulted the porch-living room, and the many furniture and other porch accessories which are so attractive and serviceable.

The first step to making the porch an outdoor room is to have it sufficiently shaded either with awnings, shutters or vines, so as to be private and away from public gaze. In a fly or mosquito location, screens go without saying.

Probably the first piece of furniture to be chosen would be some kind of hammock, hammock-couch, or the many "pouch-swing" which are of wood and which make you pleasant. Any stiff and uncomfortable chair or seat is to be avoided; and one reason for this is because chairs are soiled by the "camp-stool" variety are chosen, instead of seats with plenty of room, and comfort. Such chairs are typical in the "old hickory" chairs, the rush, willow and splint-bottom chairs with awnings, which are very wide in the seat.

All pillows and coverings should be

of material to withstand sun and dampness. Bright colors look gay at first, but they do not stand wear, and crash denim, canvas and even good burlap are better than materials with woven colors. The note of color had best be given in flowers or in stencil, which stands outdoor use pretty well.

The awning canvas, and other sportsman's canvas such as can be bought at sporting goods stores makes up into good looking, and lasting coverings of all sorts.

For floor covering there are rugs of the grass variety; then newer ones made of paper fiber, also all in line with the increased interest in outdoors, and a desire to have as much fresh air as possible. And so has resulted the porch-living room, and the many furniture and other porch accessories which are so attractive and serviceable.

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Great Grandma's Attic in 2014

By Michelson



IT WILL happen—a hundred years from now a nice girl will find herself among the debris in great-grandmother's attic. She will find in the litter all sorts of oddities reflecting the activities of a time long past—emblems and instruments of strange old sports, and CLOTHES. Oh, yes! Clothes! Such old dresses, worn in 1914 and thereafter, and hats of the most peculiar style.

You can fancy that girl of 2014 slipping on one of the hundred-year-old dresses, and of course one of the old hats. You can readily imagine that she will think they are very funny. She always thinks everything is funny that is not being worn NOW. The girl who comes a hundred years after HER will think the things she regularly wears are funny. That is the way the world goes.

But, mind you, nice girls themselves never go out of fashion.



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AT ALL STORES

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Bewailing Your Ills Postpones Your Recovery

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

As you pour the full tide of your eloquence out upon an attentive world you speak either stabbing words and vocal poniards, you soothe and apply balm phrases or you utter airy nothings in speech broken light upon the depth of the unspoken.

It is not always out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaks. Often speech comes from a paucity of thoughts, even though language is said to be used both to conceal and to express thoughts. The tongue may tell the sickness in the heart, or else conceal it. There is no novelty in the fact that words express thoughts, but it is a new discovery of the experimental laboratory to learn that speech and verbal intercourse act upon and influence thought.

This has, true enough, always been maintained by religion and philosophy, but science ever lagging, has just succeeded in satisfying its conservative scepticism with abundant proof to this effect.

That is to say, then, if you speak unpleasant things; if you use blasphemous or obscene phrases; if you discuss your ills, weaknesses, failures and ailments aloud, lo! you will soon think them true. Since actions follow thoughts you will thus carry out the very mistakes, seen to have the actual malice, and do the very deeds you spoke about.

Braver for Bragg.

Even the Baron Munchausen is braver and more truthful for his brag-gado. Far better is it to flourish trumpets and exult than to appear by word of mouth unhappy, miserable, laden down with dire distempers and full of melancholy narratives and plaints.

Beware, if there is room for warning, what you mention and to whom. If your thoughts would keep from ill, five things observe with care—to whom you speak, of whom you speak, and how, when, and where.

The windy satisfaction of the tongue has its virtues only resident in pleasant, unbuilding, architectural, gaudy sentences.

If your speech is flooded with lamentations, whimperings, squal upon squal, you are eternally full of weepings and griefs, and eternally full of weepings and gnashing of teeth; if you appear your phrases mostly in weep and wails, sackcloth, and ashes, dumps and dirges, jeremiads, and threnodies, though your thoughts may at first be otherwise they will soon partake of your wry words. Hence, taking one thing with another, you must mend your speech a little, lest it mar your thoughts and thence your fortunes. Make your words more cheerful, more hearty, more ear. Make the verbal shapes of such fine nature and such sound expression as will make for healthful, happy, and heartening thoughts.

Shun Oily Words.

Avoid the glib and oily art to speak and purpose not. Eschew the azure tongue, which exercises proficient mental equipment. Shun the foul words which in the telling wound your own personality, and in their very expression make for brain disaster.

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Answers to Health Questions

L. K.—I am a young man of nineteen, and every time I wash and comb my hair many of them fall out. What will remedy this? Resorcin, one dram; salicylic acid and glycerine, one dram; castor oil, three ounces. Massage in well three times a week.

C. E. H.—I am a victim of deafness. Have been so for fourteen years. Phy-

Goldberg to Write a Series of Picture Plays

The Vitaphone Company has arranged with Goldberg, the famous cartoonist of The Washington Times, to furnish a series of comedies that will be shown among the Vitaphone pictures. His first script will be entrusted to Ralph Ince, the Vitaphone director, for production. These Goldberg pictures are to be crisp, snappy, and swift and will set pace for a new era of comedy to delight and astonish the nations. They are the last word in fun making plays with the strongest kind of "punch," plentifully seasoned with "pep."

NATURE the Best Guide to BEAUTY

By Lucrezia Bori

Famous Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

Special arrangements have been made with Senorita Lucrezia Bori, the famous prima donna soprano, who has created a wonderful impression in Europe and New York on account of her remarkable beauty and artistic attainment, to write for this paper a series of articles on beauty. There is probably no authority her equal in giving the newest and most approved methods of attaining and preserving "the divine right of woman."

After studying the beauty methods of several countries, France, Spain, England, America, both North and South, I have come to the conclusion that there is a growing tendency to the natural treatment on the part of beauty culturists. I find the best of them using more hygienic and less elaborate methods.

They are working from the inside out rather than entirely on the surface. They are seeking the reason why instead of being content to cover faults with no interest in their cause. They are learning not to try to make beauty by dabbling a lot of unguents on the face and sopping the skin with scented waters and making hypnotic words and phrases do the rest. When they find the face blotched and yellow and the skin looking as if it were an inheritance from some long buried

mummy, and the eyes dull like a fish's, and the hair rough and messy and split and dry, and the hands red, they don't shake their heads or roll their eyes in horror and despair and say: "My dear, DEAR lady! You are indeed a very, very sad sight! You have come to us just in time. We can save you. We will take all the time you can spare, and all the money you can get, and all the creams and liquids we can invent, and great patience, and a good deal of suffering—we may have to take off this skin of yours and plump out your withered cheeks with subcutaneous injections of various pastes and putties before we can make you pre-serv-able. And then it will take constant attention, so long as your money holds out, to keep you a fit object for human eyes."

No, they do not say that. Instead, they look you over, and say: "Mm, mm, let us see. Your system is all at sixes and sevens. You have been neglecting all the rules of physical common sense. You are worn by excessive work and worry and foolish living and lack of sleep. Your nerves are frazzled by late hours. You are starving for lack of fresh air. You are suffocated with the close air of steam-heated rooms. Your blood is impoverished. Your liver is fractious. The only wonder is that you don't look a whole lot worse than you do, after such a plan of life, and before we try to make your surface beautiful we will put your physical being into shape."

"Then, if you follow the plan of right living, there will be a steady and sure improvement in your looks, and perhaps we can give you some little treatment which will hurry the process along. But there isn't the least bit of gold in whitening the outside of your body and leaving your machinery in bad order."

And that is the beginning of honesty in beauty culture. Take the most beautiful and perfect plan and give it no sunlight and no water and no air and no cure, and blow hot blasts on it and let dust and dirt settle on its leaves, and how long, think you dear ladies, that plant will be perfect and beautiful? Not at all long. I assure you it will droop and die with great sadness. There is a double lesson in that poor plant. Sadness makes our beauty curl up and die. There is the storied expression



It's Your Vantage

TO be in tip-top condition—on the courts or in the business world. You need real stamina to play a fast game and stand the gaff. Cool nerves, quick eye, flashing thought and grit depend largely on physique.

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